# Backstory Book

## Gloom Bloom

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Warning: This book contains harsh language (swear words), violence, suicide, addiction and abuse. Luckily, this is the only book that contains those themes, so any reader is allowed to move onto another book.

# Prologue

So, Bruno asked us to write this kind of book for some reason. *We don't really know why, all he said was to "write about all your memories in a book and show it to me", so here we are!*

I hate it when Bruno's just being cryptic, don't you too Blossom? *Nah, I don't think so! I think it just makes him mysterious! Who doesn't love mysterious people?* I don't? *Eh.* Why is Bruno making us write like this anyways? *I don't know.* I guess we have to introduce ourselves to… whoever's reading this nonsense.

I'm Aster, I guess. I'm a friend of Bruno, you know, the writer of Extraordinary? Man, I can't believe he has to use the stupid nickname "pikabru" though. *I think it's cute!* I don't know, it should really have been brunochu or something. *Brunochu? That's ridiculous! Oh yeah, and I'm Blossom. I hate my class, Class 3. Oh, and I'm part-Japanese! Aren't you part-Asian too?* Yeah. *He doesn't want to talk about it!*

Why is Bruno forcing us to do this? *Don't know. Hey we got to do this though, right? He* ***is*** *our friend!* I know, I know, I just think… this is ridiculous. Those Extraordinary book is ridiculous too, isn't it? *Well, we should get the memo, right? We should write about our memories!* As if that's pleasant. *Come on, Aster, look at the bright side.* How

can we do that when we have a shitty past? *Eh. Let's start with **your** shitty past!* Fine, if that's what you want.

# Chapter 1A
## Sour Kid

Things were fine for me, I guess. I has a fairly normal life when I was a kid.

Who am I kidding? I don't. *I think it's normal compared to mine!* Shut up, Blossom, I'm trying to write here.

For some background detail: I didn't actually grow up in America. I did since I was 3, but before that, I lived in the Philippines. I don't remember much though, since I was, like, 3. I don't know how I'd remember. *I remember back w–* Blossom, this is my part of the story, not yours. Oops.

I do remember some things back from the Philippines. I remember me, all my sisters and my only brother always driving through the mountains. It was actually quite nice. The air wasn't the best there, but I felt like I was living the life.

Well, the car rides were fun until my eldest brother fell off a cliff. That was complicated. *I remember you told me and Vlad about that.* Yeah. Let's not talk about it further.

The loss of my brother actually inspired my parents to do something. My parents started to notice how many of our relatives started to move away to America in order to live a better life.

Because of my brother's death, they decided to move to America so they could move on from my brother. Like I said before, I could only remember so much since I was just 3.

Luckily, I didn't move when I was already in school and before I could even learn Filipino, so I fit in well with other Americans. Much more than my other siblings. They could barely even speak in English when we first came to America. The older the kid the harder of a time they have speaking a foreign language, I guess.

Me fitting in with Americans well did make me the black sheep of my family though. I act the least like a Filipino. I just act like an American. I fit in well with Americans in general. It's so confusing at the same time too. I act like an American, but the kids know that I'm not and they always bully me for it.

And I let that all happen.

All the punches going through me.

All the shit talking about me.

I listened and went through it all. It fucking sucked. I was treated so badly. I never told anyone though. The bullies would always call me a snitch if I do attempt to tell anyone.

It's still the same, you know? The bullying only ended because the manager of the kindergarten I went to noticed it all and stopped it. The only person I actually told this to is Blossom, but I guess Bruno is now after we finish writing this book.

I felt like I was blessed once the bullying is over. I was always tired. I even lock myself into my bedroom and cry all night. Only my brother notices how much I cry though. *Wait, you cried? You never told me.* Stop being surprised, Blossom. You saw me cry before. *Hehe.*

Eventually, I made some friends in the second year of being in kindergarten. They were really sweet kids, actually! I don't remember any of their names though. It's been years since the last time I saw them. *How long?* About 7 years ago.

I think it's best if I start with my time in the Philippines though, before I jump into me meeting my temporary friends. That might give a little bit more context on how I am, as if that's needed. *Aww, that's sweet! I bet anyone reading this would appreciate that.* I guess they would, Bloss.

Well, I should probably start with the car rides… shouldn't I? *Yeah, you mentioned something about a dead brother! I'd like to hear more details of your trauma!* Sure, Bloss.

It was raining in where I live—specifically Davao. Well, we were actually in Manila visiting some relatives who moved to Thailand. *You have relatives in Thailand?* Yeah. Plenty actually. I don't know why Thailand instead of something like Indonesia and Malaysia though. I*'ve heard Thailand's a great country, better than those two other countries! Atleast that's what I think.*

Anyways, I was in my family in some café. I think it was red cake café or something like that. It was a color and cake. Honestly could've gone with Red **Velvet** Cake, but whatever. I tend to go there with my family, especially when we're going to Manila

We were mostly tired since we took an hour-long airplane ride just to go to Manila and we just came back from the airport in the morning. While we were tired, I was in love with the views. I mean, yeah, it's just buildings, but it really wasn't something I've seen much back in Davao! *Nice! I wish I could've gone to a cat café.* ~~Wait, there are cat café's?~~

After having our cakes and drinks, me and my siblings, all tired as hell and thus having no rational thought roaming around our stinky little

peanut brains, decided in unison to have a car ride around the Manila mountains and cliffs via the driving of our oldest brother, Alder.

*Alder? So Alder's the name?* Yup. Unusual name, I know, but neither is Aster… and that's **my** name.

As you might expect, the ride went a fun trip to being a freakshow accident that even a war criminal won't want to happen or bare witness to. *The brother drove off the cliff, right?* Yup. Alder got way too caught up in the coffee that, well, he drove off. Of course, his siblings got off the car but not him. The girls would like to think that he sacrificed himself, while me and Arsenio… beg to differ. *Do you think he just drove off because of the caffeine?* Definitely.

It's safe to say that he did impact the family in a way—but I already describe the demented details on mine and my family's immigration.

As for my kindergarten pals…
I came straight out of all the bullying that I had to endure. That I somehow escaped.

# Chapter 1B

## Sweet Kid

*Finally, it's my turn! I don't know if anyone can read this pink pen and I do not care. I'd rather have my story be obscured by some pen ink being stupid than it being revealed.* Then why are you writing this book? *Because Bruno forced us to? Duh.*

*Once upon a time, in a land far, far away. A land across the Pacific Ocean, it's—*Japan. I already know the answer. *You ruined it.*

*But yeah, I am from Japan. Well, my parents are. Unlike Aster, I was born and raised in America, not in Japan.*
*My dad is from Japan while my mom is from South Korea, which is how I speak both Japanese and Korean. My parents and my extended-family taught me how to speak those languages. Now I want to speak in Vietnamese! I just want to.*

*My parents met in one special day in the summer of 1996. They were in some random Japanese singer's concert in Japan. They fell in love and bam! They produced me as a result. A beautiful mess.*

*Before I was born though, my parents moved to America because of my aunt. She really wanted my parents to come, so they did.*

*I'm a single child, unlike Aster. A lot not like Aster. How many siblings do you have right now?* 3. *Hah! 3! And I have 0!* You're so goddamn lucky. Yeah, right. I have a younger brother and he's a demon. Bruno, why did you just write here? You said this book only belongs to us. I want to.

*It's my story now guys, so shut up.* You're all doing great jobs writing, by the way. Thanks, now get out.

*Being a single child made me feel really lonely. Like, really lonely. What made things worse is that I'm living in an apartment in New York. Nobody can socialize with someone else in an apartment, so things were tough for me.*

*I didn't even go to kindergarten because my parents thought kindergarten was ridiculous. They thought it was school for babies and they wanted me to go to school once I was old enough to.*
*It's best to say that my parents... just didn't want me to have a social life, despite all the stupid things they told me.*